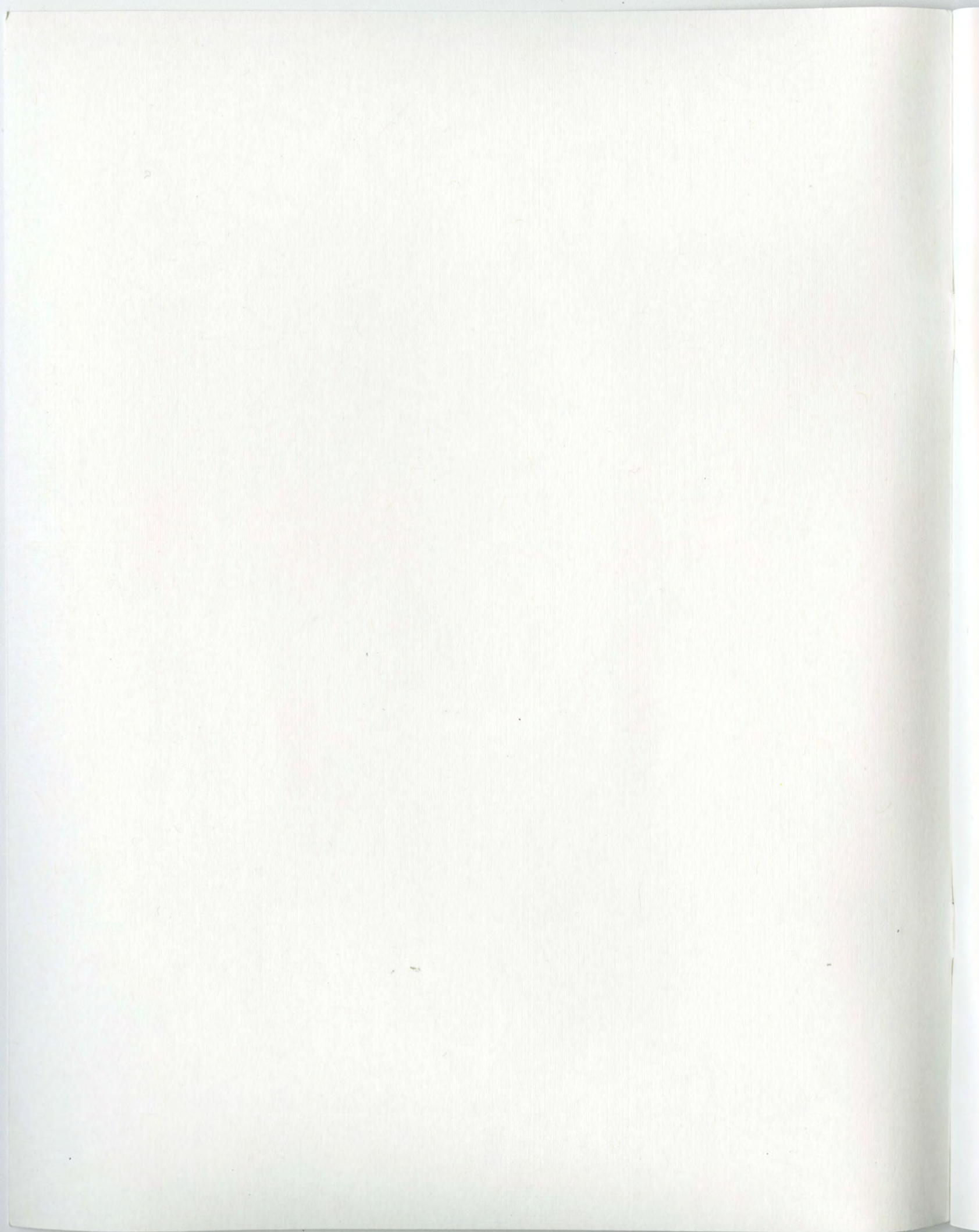


gardyloo

Literature & Arts Magazine



Oh, Hello

(Why don't you pull up a chair?)

Erica D. Port

From the Editors

Stop. Close your eyes. Breathe in. Breathe out. Begin.

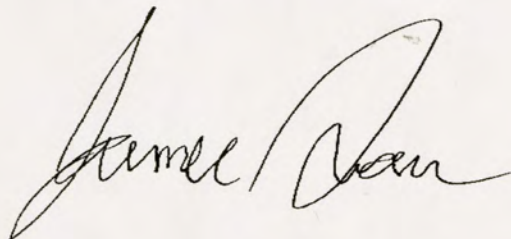
Use this magazine as your distraction. Take a moment away from your nonstop everyday life, drink a cup of coffee, and be swept into the world that lies within these pages. And it is a whole new world filled with adventure, wonder, misery, and even some pure joy.

Really it's okay.

Use this magazine as your new procrastination method (we all do). Embrace the words and art of your fellow students. Discover what your seatmate in Biology thinks about as she doodles on her paper. Learn what the guy under that tree was furiously scratching down. Dig deep into the meanings of all these pieces and feel something.

I have been so blessed to already know what this wonderful edition holds for you; now all you have to do is sit down and turn the page.

Go.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Jaimie Swann', with a stylized, flowing script.

Jaimie Swann
Editor-In-Chief

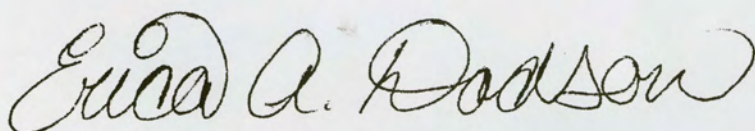
Dearest reader,

Gardy Loo Literature and Arts Magazine is not a product of our staff. We create the bones; we select the pieces, make the layout, and send it off to the printer, but the soul of the magazine comes from you. You sent us your artwork, photography, poetry and prose. You honored us with windows into the deepest recesses of your imaginations. You trusted us to display your talents and the talents of our student body, and we hope you feel we have done them justice.

In Gardy Loo, we refuse to take the selection process lightly. We choose from an immense pool of talent, and we hope that the result is not only a representation of diverse technical skill, but also of the thoughts and feelings at the forefront of the minds of JMU students.

Gardy Loo is for JMU students, by JMU students. Whether you pick up this issue out of curiosity, anticipation, or with a critical eye, we thank you for taking time to look further.

With love,

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Erica A. Dodson". The script is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of each word being capitalized and prominent.

Erica A. Dodson
Managing Editor

1994

Kate Browning

She brought cookies in a
Ziploc bag, to my door.
I yanked on Mom's
Carpet-textured sweater.

We swung on a swing
And she wiggled
Her loose tooth. I pointed
At the Band-Aid on my knee.

The color of honey,
Inside a plastic
Bear, is what
Her hair looked like.

Red, black, neon yellow;
Caterpillars flooded
Our shared cigar box.
Then the tree-leaves fell.

We stomped Sketchers
Behind her mom
And mine. They filled
Baskets with glue sticks.

Yellow buses opened tall
Doors. They mouthed at us
To grow, and the caterpillars
Laughed. So I grabbed her fingers.



Sunday Morning

Sean Townsend

The congregation rose,
creaking, from fading pews,
a wrinkled mass of white-
haired believers, prepared

to receive *the Gospel*
of the Lord from a man
who looked like them but better
with mysteries. *Praise to You,*

Lord Jesus Christ. The altar
boy twirled his folded thumbs,
watching a miracle
he knew he'd heard before,
thinking about soccer
and Sarah and maybe
if he'd been saved or touched
by holy hands or angels

then some of this would matter.

Firenze • Sarah Smith





Finger-Painting • Misha Suresh

America's Daughters

Jasmin Ullah

When morning-after the night's haze is mourning after the night's haze:

Jane Doe, in a Culture of Drought

she is cracked open like
an excavation on dry earth
and I hear the tears as this dead child
looks to the stars to find

Reason in her Rape
but finds no Watcher-Over
for Jane Doe was born as the wrong flesh—
too drunk, too ripe, too provocative, too woman

Jane Doe, in a Culture of Civic Dispersion

she became a vacant space to store
men's unfettered zeal, packaged and sent
from apartment to apartment
and captured by camera then
stored in the memory of the Eagle's eye & the spider's Web—
and the next morning, Jane Doe reconfigures her spent night via bites and bits

Jane Doe, in a Culture of BoysWillBeBoys

she liked a boy who cracked her opened
like a volcano ripping through the ocean floor
and bringing America's putrid water to the surface

Jane Doe, a Steubenville man said "America loves its football players more
than it loves its daughters"
but "Jane Doe"s already know



The

Educated

Traymon Beavers

Hustler

for the Emperor

I snap bags of crack and
pack fat sacks of jane that
I lace with angel dust to
make My fiends say My name:
God, the deriver of all meaning,
so if you shoot or smoke or snort
best believe you're going to see Me.

I'm strolling through
My territory
ignoring pleads
from the sky to
repent from My
life of servitude
to addicts because
I'm far too fly to walk.

I am an allusion to lucifer's legacy,
heating the aisle that
sees fiends' souls
seeking respite in
the paradise of a
solitary taste
sold with love
from Me.

I snap bags of crack and
pack fat sacks of jane that
I lace with angel dust to
make My fiends say My name:
God, the deriver of all meaning,
so if you shoot or smoke or snort

best believe you're going to see
Me.

sipping ciroc as chill as fiji,
while My minions down the
street are spraying all of
My graffiti on every inch
of every block as every
corner is cut with My raw;
pedestrians shiver as My
ice cold coupe glides by,
freezing their gaze and
numbing their minds
with the novocaine of
almost knowing wealth.

the calculation of My ki's
reigns supreme in this city
and the order of operation
is simple: add at all times,
divide only to distribute,
and any neck with the
nerve to subtract is
strangled, slit, and
brutally snapped.

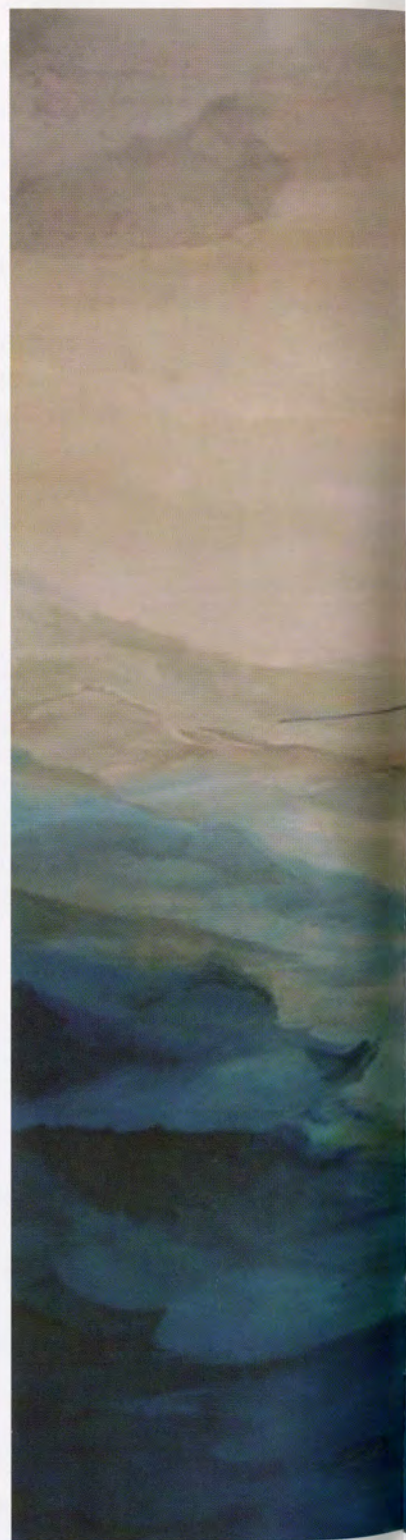
I snap bags of crack and
pack fat sacks of jane that
I lace with angel dust to
make My fiends say My name:
God, the deriver of all meaning,
so if you shoot or smoke or snort
best believe you're going to see
Me.

Llámame Cuando Puedas

Dominique Marmolejo

Wind whispers
through white gauze curtains
floating in the wide windows,
dancing with the sunlight
off the golden stucco
and crimson terra cotta tiling,
carrying on its wings
the twinkle of the chimes
that breathed lithely with the home,
uncluttered yet
by the dust and ash
of age and reverie,
but only with the little laughs
of all your little niños.

Fourteen little hands
tugging at your dress.
They look up at you
with the softness of your own eyes,
waiting for you to tell them
how to crack the eggs
and pour the leche.
The eldest clamor to rinse their hands
and you scoop up the little ones
into your arms,
their sunlight on the soft ivory
of your cheeks, and whisper
Tengo un regalo para ti,
es un besito.
I have a present for you,
it's a little kiss.







I.

He was my first date,
my first kiss,
my first "I love you
and I mean it."

His room was my cocoon.
A caterpillar to his sheets,
I was enveloped
by the sounds of acoustic guitar;
Led Zeppelin and Pink Floyd.

He was the first boy
to gaze into my eyes,
but his,
his were squinty and bloodshot red.
And when we kissed
with our mouths open,
he filled my lungs
with smoky air.

He left my lips with a sour taste.

II.

He was my first one night stand,
my first rebound,
my first "I thought
you were 18,
what a waste of my time."

III.

He was the first boy to notice
the black freckle under my eye,
my first bouquet of flowers,
my first "Please, please,
forgive me,"
and I did.

And when I filled his lungs
with smoky air,
he was the first boy who hated me,
the first boy I begged to forgive me,
and he didn't.

IV.

And now there's him.
He's my first happy poem,
my first endless summer night
under the stars,
my first "you make me
so happy."
With him, I'm a butterfly
delicately designed
with my wings wide open,
whether I'm by his side,
under his covers,
or 58 miles away
and he,
he is so beautiful,
(even though men aren't supposed
to be described that way).

He is my sanctuary,
where I can spill my words,
and empty my lungs,
enveloped by the sounds of
echoing laughter
and music blaring through his radio;
Bob Marley and The Temptations.

I'm his first romance,
his first glittering eyes
and blushed cheeks
from kissing with mouths open,
his first "I love you,
and this time,
I really mean it"

Ode to Boyfriends

Laura King









Descend • Sarah Golibart

Fountain

Alexandra Parker

The crinkled left hand of my father
grips his fountain
and I tell him
no one writes with pens anymore.

What of Kerouac, cramped over his typewriter
sweating off speed and sipping disillusionment,
a beat face hallowed in swinging lamplight.
My father's malleable palm anchors his silver
A generation of junkies, he declares,
but he takes his Jack on the rocks.

Madly my father hums, blots smeared lines
calling forth the Essenes of Qumran,
those lost writers of The Dead Sea Scrolls.

Dusty irises search for glory in the ink
an Ancient glow in his face longs
for hieroglyphic script on papyrus

He echoes Capote:
That's not writing.
It's typing.

But it's been years since he's slept.
and of the drink,
my father needs a fifth.



Set a Spell • Sarah Smith

One Night Stand With God

Sean Townsend

I replied *Nothing* when She asked what I believe in. *Only moments*. Our knuckles touched in space between us—my right, Her left—our pinkies linked like lovers' legs or close branches. It was the first truth I told Her—perhaps we'd grown sober. *Then how did we get here?*

In the party's glow She believed that I played soccer and studied chemistry and math and invited Herself to my bed.

I searched black for profundity, for some refined response: *not God*. Springs groaned—Her finger snapped from mine.

Light.

In this new view I sat as Adam, dazed by my own pale nakedness, by the sight of a robed figure at the now-open door, presiding my confusion. Her flaming eyes struck mine and she proclaimed, like the angel Gabriel to the Virgin, *The Lord is with you.*

•Artist Statement•

Samantha Leonetti

I've never been good at expressing myself. Words trip me up, confuse me, and ultimately let me down. Photography has become my means of self expression over the past 7 years. It allows me to tell so much without saying anything.

This particular photograph is about being afraid. I am absolutely terrified of the future, of being judged, of failing... for now I am doing the best I can to keep myself grounded, but looking ahead I see nothing but storms and choices that I am hesitant to make for fear that I'll let someone down. I am incredibly passionate about this piece. It means the world to me..

My journey with photography has been difficult. I am incredibly critical of myself and always feel this obsessive need to push myself further. I am always looking up tutorials, trying new editing tricks, and scouting new locations. This photo was created in photoshop using brushes to create the lightning. All of the other scenery was shot on location about 20 minutes outside of campus. Thanks again to my lovely model, Jenny Anne.

Enlightenment • Samantha Leonetti





Driving Back to Harrisonburg Before 8 a.m.

Elyse Krachman

Tune into
the morning as she yawns,
stretches, crackles, unravels
her coils of light,
yellow yarn spilling over the sides
of the mountains

tune into
the sunrise
as she unpeels herself from the
cirrus clouds like an orange

I watch her in my rear-view mirror
swear I smell citrus through
the open windows

because I always drive with them down
even in the winter.

Merging onto 81, I prepare to flip
stations but before I can
the shock of a high-frequency
memory
splits me almost in half
and I am nothing but a conduit

of desire that expired in its
adolescence

You wrote, "God, I miss you."
Those words were shooting up lightning;
joy singeing my nerve endings
singing static to my cells.
I felt them dancing like
they would melt in the heat
and although I cannot dance
I wanted to melt into you

But that was August
when lightning storms were as common
as
dropped
connections

Now I will never be
on your frequency again
I clench my teeth tight
try to bite through
the bullet of this wound

I put my hand on my heart like I'm saying

the pledge of allegiance and feeling
moved
but really

I'm suffocating that spark that could
engulf me like a flame to gasoline

Because let's be honest, even though
we're playing for the same team
we burned that white flag months ago
and now I get vertigo when I look
down the radio tower of our old
notes.

I want to flame what you wrote to me
but the best I can do is hit delete,
because you can't ash an iMessage
as much as you can't smoke a hash tag.

So i breathe through the moment
inhale exhale repeat three times
reset the disks in my spine

So this is how citrus smells.
a little sweet but mostly sharp
as pure as the pain on my tongue.

Gat

James Carbia

In these eyes, watery, focused, and narrowed, were the words of every older kid who tormented him with names and slurs while playing neighborhood football in the street by his house. The pushes and punches and shoves and kicks and bumps and extended leg-trips. Tears, not his own, but those of others who one day received the reciprocal hand-me-down's of his own childhood experiences.

It was just before midnight when the clamorous thud of the unidentified trespasser's arrival lifted our eyes away from the stacks of colored chips towards the balcony. My palms, already dampened by the nervousness brought on by the hand I had just won, pulsated once. The figure there on our porch jolted each of us, if not out of curiosity alone. I surveyed my surroundings. On the couch to my left, my roommate's girlfriend's roommates, a liability – it was they who first brought my attention to the unspoken atmosphere of the expectation to take action. Next to me on the couch, Sam. A top-notch pacifist: circulation-cutting jeans, over-sized beanie, outspoken worldviews, etc. To my right were the only threats to this imagined responsibility – four frat kids I also didn't know, trying to look offended by the sound. There was no time for thinking it through. Something had to be done, and I certainly wasn't going to be the one that sits idly by, despite my intuitive inclination.

I rose, made my way cautiously to the sliding glass door, and tugged it open. When he turned to me, I realized that the night's poker bluffing did not translate into success in this kind of situation, and I had severely overestimated my ability to intimidate. His faux-khaki jeans, tight and sagged, ran long and frayed around the cuffs at his feet. The unclothed torso before me was veiny and lean, not hulkish but mesomorphic; it was

the unstable skinniness of an individual who, upon being unable to put on weight through traditional methods like push-ups and arm curls, compensated with the wiry urgency acquired from extensive street-sparring. Shaggy black hair. Glimmering diamond studs. Acne scars. And the shifty, wild, bloodshot eyes of a cornered animal, a hyena surrounded by lions. Or, you know, house cats.

I can't remember what exactly I said, but it was something like: "What's up man? Everything okay here?"

He took one over-lengthened stride towards me, lingering just at the edge of the living room carpet, and spoke.

"YOU WANT THE GAT, HOMIE? YOU WANT THE GAT?"

We as a room collectively – maybe not explicitly at the time, but certainly afterward – identified this moment as that in which shit got real. The man – or kid, really, just around our age – gestured frantically with his head down towards his pants. The pants contained his right hand, and according to our new visitor, a firearm.

Let's take a step back and examine the facts of the circumstances. A male person had somehow leaped onto our outdoor apartment balcony. Surprise and mild-to-intermediate concern, check. The aforementioned person then proceeded to stand there, half-naked, motioning towards a gun that may or may

not have actually existed. Objectively, a bit of a ridiculous situation, but most likely a simple mix-up. A college-age kid incensed by some sort of verbal conflict or physical altercation from earlier in the night, mistakenly yelling at the people who happened to now be in front of him. Here's the thing, though. When you're standing there in an atmosphere of expectation to take action, breathing in the stale alcohol vapor of a stranger's gun threats, it doesn't feel so laughably casual.

I looked at him there and he glared back, shaking, repeating his question. Is that meant to be hypothetical? I thought, wordlessly.

The individual took a step into our living room. Now he addressed everyone,

"WHO WANTS THE GAT? YOU WANT THE GAT?"

Nobody wanted the gat. Well, two of the people there didn't know what the gat was, but if they knew, they wouldn't have wanted it. For some reason, though, no one answered him. We were simply statues.

"Yo, will one of y'all please tell him to calm the fuck down?" A voice from down below shouted unsolicited advice, bad advice, for him at least, but good for us. The yell from outside was the flash of red, the billowing whip of the matador's cape. The bull, still fuming and repeating

his question quietly, reversed towards the balcony barrier, shouting down at the other kids.

"Shut the door dude, go ahead and shut it," said Sam.

I tried to quietly slide the door back as it was. I managed, but as I mistakenly attempted to swing the broken lock lever down, his attention shifted. I looked up to his crimson-tinged glare.

In these eyes, watery, focused, and narrowed, were the words of every older kid who tormented him with names and slurs while playing neighborhood football in the street by his house. The pushes and punches and shoves and kicks and bumps and extended trip-legs. Tears, not his own, but those of the others who one day received the reciprocal hand-

me-down's of his own childhood experiences. And fear: my own fear, reflected in his swollen eyes, mixed and inextricable from the uncertainty and insecurity and fear of his own. It was a face of comedy and of tragedy. It was a carnival mirror, distorted and darkened.

He turned back. He offered the gat to the guys below, and with one hand on the balcony railing, hurtled himself over and down to the hill five feet below. A brawl ensued, Sam called the cops, and the whole thing settled down, besides in our heads and pulses. The rest of the night, my poker excitement and residual adrenaline were impossible to discern from one another. We played on, and eventually joked about it (upon winning a big pot, a victorious "YOU WANT THE GAT?"), but it stuck with us, in bed that


night and in the following days. That night, as time passed the heroic male witnesses began to make claims – "if he had done this, I would have done that" – you know, subtle rehabilitation of previously-established machismo. But even as these words left their mouths, you could feel them simultaneously question themselves: what would I really have done?

Eventually the events drifted away, joining the uncomfortable shouting matches with best friends and the frightening first dates and the stomach-sinking chest-to-chest spats over spilt beer at parties into the void of memories, something to joke about and think of on occasion, but nothing traumatic to carry along. Still, after that nights we fixed the balcony lock.



Braced • Sam Bordley





When They Fall Asleep First

Jasmin Ullah

mid-quiet you let a
broken syllable fall from your
wet tongue your
chapped lips your
freshly christened expectations
you turn to the soft bodies
next to you and try to
ask a question an
important one but you
give up instead it's
much too tiring to
much too, much too tiring
m-much too
tiring to
hold you as long as i
stutter when i see you i
wish you would
stop leaving remnants i
don't know what i
want

It Was Black as Death When the Sirens Came

Elise Calanni

It was black as death when the sirens came,
Their engines roaring in the dead of night.
The water strained to douse the wall of flame.
The blaze did not rest until morning light

Their engines roaring in the dead of night,
The trucks and men made every attempt but
The blaze did not rest until morning light.
No whisper of sleep could force my eyes shut.

The trucks and men made every attempt but
The orange blaze simply would not yield.
No whisper of sleep could force my eyes shut —
I crouched behind my window, like a shield.

The orange blaze simply would not yield
Until I closed my eyes and begged for peace.
I crouched behind my window, like a shield.
I prayed that smothered flame would grant release.

Until I closed my eyes and begged for peace,
I forced myself to act like I was strong.
I prayed a smothered flame would grant release.
The sounds of fire mimicked a haunting song.

I forced myself to act like I was strong.
The water strained to douse the wall of flame.
The sounds of fire mimicked a haunting song.
It was black as death when the sirens came.





Taps on the Shoulder

Arrianna Hamrah

Sometimes your whispers are too great
to bear.
When your murmurs are just out of reach,
I swear
you must be there. You're a slideshow
memory --
an allusion at best, and when I was hol-
lowed and heavy
and deprived of all rest,

I fought you,
sought you,
caught you --
but then you slipped
away, so I lost you.

In church, when the sunbeams dance
just right, I feel you tap my shoulder
and you're everywhere like light.
You smile at me through arbitrary faces,
but I know it's you when my heartbeat
races.

You experience me now in so many new
shades,
to the point where you're lost and you're
scared
you will fade.
So you fought me,

sought me,
caught me,
but then I slipped away
so then you
taught me,

How a cellophane fringe separates
our vision, so you'll love me a new way
to rid our division.

Energy -- neither created nor destroyed,
neither you here nor there.
But you're forever in my heart --

So you are everywhere.

•Artist Statement•

Sam Bordley

The ancient Greeks believed that man was the center of all things, the center of beauty, and the center of inspiration. The Greeks found the human figure to be divinely made and beautiful. In this piece I took my inspiration from this idea and stylistically exaggerated certain aspects.

In antiquity, figures were idealized and depicted with absolute naturalism; I distorted the figures to be more emotionally imposing. I choose to elongate the proportions to emphasis the looming nature of these celestial beings. I literally exaggerated the title phrase to mean that these revered figures are literally shaping the world around them, pulling and changing the constellations. The figures are grouped in a pyramidal composition, a stylistic technique developed in Greece, and put into regular practice during the Renaissance. The figures on each side lead up to and accent, the figure in the middle. The stars are plotted from actual star charts and the constellations shown are real, unless disrupted by the figures. I used thread to show the connecting lines of the constellations, sewing through the paper to create the straight, opaque lines that I couldn't otherwise make. I used a deep purple to create the starry backdrop hoping to avoid a flatness of color and I avoided the use of reds and pinks in the skin color to give the figures a more statuesque appearance.

For nearly a year I've concentrated my efforts to reflecting classical ideals and stories of antiquity. I am an art history major, so classical, renaissance, and neoclassical periods are of great interest to me. I consider myself to be a neoclassical artist. I look to neoclassical masters like Jacques Louis David and Jean Ingres for guidance. Their thorough attention to line is what is most impressive to me, and is what I am currently studying. I practice creating fictional fabric and hope to one day create accurate portrayals of drapery without drawing from life, only from imagination. I also aim to do so with figures. I want to understand the female and male figure so completely as to create accurate figural arrangements from imagination.



Man as the Center of All Things • Sam Bordley

it's 1989 and
the eccentric cuts
and lively beehives
and wild dancing
have not died yet,
black style still
representing.
chains gleam
gold and silver
glinting intangible
respect because
cash rules—
everything.

it's 1989 and
reagan doesn't
give a *fuck*
about the poor;
therefore, as sure
as taxes he doesn't
give a *fuck*
about the blacks
either.
*you have to rob
to get rich in
the reagan era.*
so who can blame
Nino Browns for
cutting down their
brothers and sisters
with the cutthroat
crack game?

it's 1989 and
*money talks and
bullshit runs a marathon*
and with only a
grimy glass dick
as your carryon
you can be beamed
to scotty and away
from awareness into

the mellow blue
snare pitch of a dream

it's 1989 and
*crack is a
motherfucker.*
for the money
or the high
brothers sacrificed
their brothers
selling death,
content with the
transaction of their
soul,
greedy for green
satisfaction.
mothers sacrificed
their children
*before they were
born,*
the preemptive
slaughter
of sons and daughters
marked by defects
detected by the
cold, impartial
ultrasound

it's 1989 and
Biggie's been arrested
for the first time
and remains regally blind
to his bittersweet
success spawned from
his alluring rhymes
detailing the glamour
and stress of the grind,
completely unaware
that in 8 years on March 9
the world hears
his last heavy
breath,

*Ready to Die sure of
Life After Death,*
a stepping stone
laid to rest too early,
doomed at adolescence
due to this radioactive
zone of a year

it's 1989 and
my unborn soul
sheds timeless tears
for my people, forced
*to murder their
conscience*
only to survive
in constant fear,
whoring on dangerous
boulevards and drives
winking at any filthy
trick that passes by,
while the thug across
the street keeps his
eyes peeled wide to
peek at any unlucky
customer stalking his own
corner, where his sky
stays filled with smoke
so thick and milky
no positive thought
is able to soar to
a noteworthy high—
chained tight by
negativity are the
pessimistic poor.

It's 2013 and
my heart will beat
forever sore for
the people punished
for being born
*in the wrong place
at the wrong time.*

Antiquity

Traymon Beavers





First Romance

Anonymous

I've loved and I've lost
But not in that order

Poem #7

Daniel Bogart

Words have no meaning.
I love you.

Public Service Announcement

Elyse Krachman

We should all spend more time
naked.

spend more time quaking ourselves
incoherent,
until our bodies
are near knowing
they are loved
more than enough.

We should all spend more time
in the buff.

parade our jutting parts
in front of mirrors,
only for the sheer delight of the wiggling,
the jiggling, the spilling over

into
believe me, we are supposed to look like that.
we were not made to be flat. See,

the hottest parts of the earth
are her widest,
the equator surprises herself with steamy
afternoons and rains that come
hard and fast, ballooning her
flowers into forests,

my chorus asks,
when cartographers lassoed
latitude about those hips, did she
call them assholes or did she swing back?

We should all swing back,
like we're freaking Barry Bonds.
We should love our curves
like the arc of a strike out sailing over
the lawn.

Three years ago I was in batting practice.
and I always forgot to warm up
so I still have the stretch marks
but now they are not stretch marks

they are white tree roots, sexy like
Picasso's nudes,
(you know, the reclining ones).

four years ago
the doctor injected me
with a warning not to grow.

But aren't we always
supposed to grow?

His eyes on my horizon
which was supposed to have a beginning and
an end
I was not supposed to be infinite.

But aren't we supposed to infinitely
full
of possibility?

We are.

So
I want you to know
every time I run fingers over
my roots, the places I could come
apart,
I sing
how I did not.

I sing, we are all reaching into the
sun when we grow
into our skin, we are
thinning out the air cause we're filling
our lungs with joy, and we are so full
we are closer to the earth
we are closer to home plate

so just to restate
I want you to know
I wrote this poem
stark
naked.



Youthsplosion



Pedagogy

Beauty Within Destruction

•Artist Statement•

Julia Kron



On the Surface

The following three paintings are works from my Honors Thesis, "Beauty within Destruction". My paintings are an exploration of the environmental impact and visual beauty of petroleum using acrylic paint (a petroleum byproduct). Petroleum is a versatile substance, and comes in many types serving a variety of applications. My thesis focuses on petroleum because of its impact on my childhood home.

When I was a sophomore in High School, my family was notified that our neighbor's oil tank had leaked 1000 gallons of petroleum underneath our house. This incident turned into a five-year legal and emotional battle for our personal safety and well-being. Living through this experience, I have developed an emotional fascination with the concept of oil spills. They create an immense amount of destruction, yet there is something beautiful about them. Even through all the pain and suffering that occurred in my high school years, I have received so many wonderful new experiences because of it.

I find beauty in the way that light reflects off the surface of oil spills creating iridescent colors. I am able to replicate the process through a mixture of acrylic paint and laundry detergent. I am not a traditionalist when it comes to these paintings. The mixtures are poured directly onto the raw canvas in order for the canvas to fully absorb the paint. Once the colors have joined together and become fully dry, the canvas is stretched and a gel medium is applied on top of them.

Each painting embodies a certain emotion that was a result of my experience with the oil spill. I have recently become inspired by the work of Paul Jenkins. Like Jenkins, I work on relatively large canvas, experimenting with acrylic paints. My technique adopts aspects of Helen Frankenthaler's stained/soaked surfaces, capturing the movement of the paint and the reflected light of colors present in oil spills. My intention is to create a metaphorical balance of beauty and destruction in my work.

Untitled: Indecisive

October Edwards

It's not DSM-IV 296.00 – 296.89.

It is

Insomnia at 4am

Cleaning until your room is spotless.

Not saying no in the backseat of a car

Because he at least pretends to love you.

Undressing in the middle of Denny's after too much rum

Because the waiter had a sparkle in his eyes.

Sleeping for days on end.

Forgetting to study, sleep, eat, bath.

A suicide attempt at nineteen.

Never knowing what you might do next.

Panic attacks

And reputations

And second guessing.

Starving

And bingeing

And cutting

And drinking.

And nobody believing you'd do that.

It's not DSM-IV 296.00 – 296.89.

It's not mania or depression.

Bipolar Disorder is knowing that any day,

Your life could end.





Dependency • Kara Sheehan

A Dollar For My Dignity

Brittany Fisher

The city is
Brightly lit
To drown the shadows
Our sins make
Girls with hair that was once alive
With shimmer
And wrists that were goldmines
Spent a moment taking in
The deceiving beauty of the sights
And another moment
Trying to echo screams
Behind the hand,
Smudging their crimson lipstick
And life dies in two instants Thrust into a ring of those
Hungry for humiliation
Sterling silvers and rose gold replaced
With wristbands labeled "pure"
Like the poisonous ivory powders
They inject into the twigs that
Have lost their fight
And purpling kneecaps
Flaking dryly with faith
From many nights of prayer
Begging for a leak in the system
An easy way out
But even then,
Nothing,
Not even love
Sweeter than
Overripe sugarcane,
Can manage
To heal over
The wounds cut
Deeply down her ventricles



What Would You Do If You Were Not Afraid?

Elise Calanni

There are some people who are just too afraid.
A boy wants to walk up to a cliff and jump.
Splash into the water, say, "Be proud of
yourself."

A girl wants to go up to that person and say
What she has always wanted him to hear.
But they need to learn to let go and just live.

Thunder and lightning made the girl scared to live.
A flash and a crash would render her afraid
To leave the house. Above the booms she would hear
Her mother's soothing voice. "Sweetie, you jump
At the sight of a raincloud," she would say.
"You need to relax and take care of yourself."

The boy tells himself, "Get a grip on yourself.
A bruise and a bump mean nothing. You'll live."
He tells himself he is fine—the doctors say
He is fine—but he will always be afraid.
He will always think its cancer. He'll jump
To conclusions, he'll hear what he dreads to hear

The girl is not just scared of thunder. She'll hear
Hushed whispers in the halls. "Just be yourself."
She'll beg herself quietly. But she would jump
If someone told her to. Outwardly, she lives
A fearless life, but inside, she is afraid.
Afraid of her peers, of the harsh words they say.

The boy is also scared that someone will say
That a person he loves is gone, that he'll hear
The word "dead" and he will be too afraid
To live. But he shakes his head. "Calm yourself,"
He scolds himself. "How are you supposed to live
When you run from everything that makes you jump?"

But one day, they will finally make that jump.
"I'm scared of thunder and people," she'll say.
He'll respond, "I fear death and that I won't live."
After all that time, it was magic to hear
That they weren't alone. And she'll muse to herself,
"I can't remember why we were so afraid."

And though they still jump, they both always hear
The other one say, "Don't be scared of yourself.
As long as we live, we should not be afraid."



YIN • Erica Lynn Ensminger

84 Years

Laura King

She looks down at her hands,
swollen and patterned with cracks
of dried skin and freckles.

Memoirs of her husband's war collect
like dirt under her findernails
her eyes pinned open in the night,
forced to relive the bullet wounds;
the forests painted army green
and blood red.

She sits quietly
by herself every morning
unable to dress
her knuckles turning pale blue
from the wintry draft coming through the window,

surrounded by photographs of people
she used to know.

A crumpled notepad sits on her bedside table:
"Grocery list:
bread
milk
death certificates"

Raising her wrists,
she remembers the feeling of her fingers
intertwined with those of a young man,
soft and warm.

She looks down at her hands.
empty

Fracked

Shelby Wiltz

women:

we are
in the constant wondering

of whether to muck
our waters

or
filter them.

who could we be
if we knew
that muck is in our riverbeds



Back to the Basics • Ryan Gormley

Drugs Are Weird, Man

Zachary Schneller

Drugs are weird, man
Some say no. Parents, teachers
Some say yes. Friends, peers
But the worst are the doctors
Because that authority
Somehow cancels
All others out like an
Algebra equation.
Everyone follows suit

Especially when they say
"Chemical imbalance"
Bite your tongue
Engage the strange
Fun is none
It's the prescribed psycho's etiquette
Yes is solely accepted

Yes I need to feel pins and needles
In my legs every night
Yes I need to pop a Xanax drop
When the day becomes a fight
To keep the top on my head on
Yes is solely accepted

And who to refuse a doctor?
These medical authorities
Are a constant bore to me

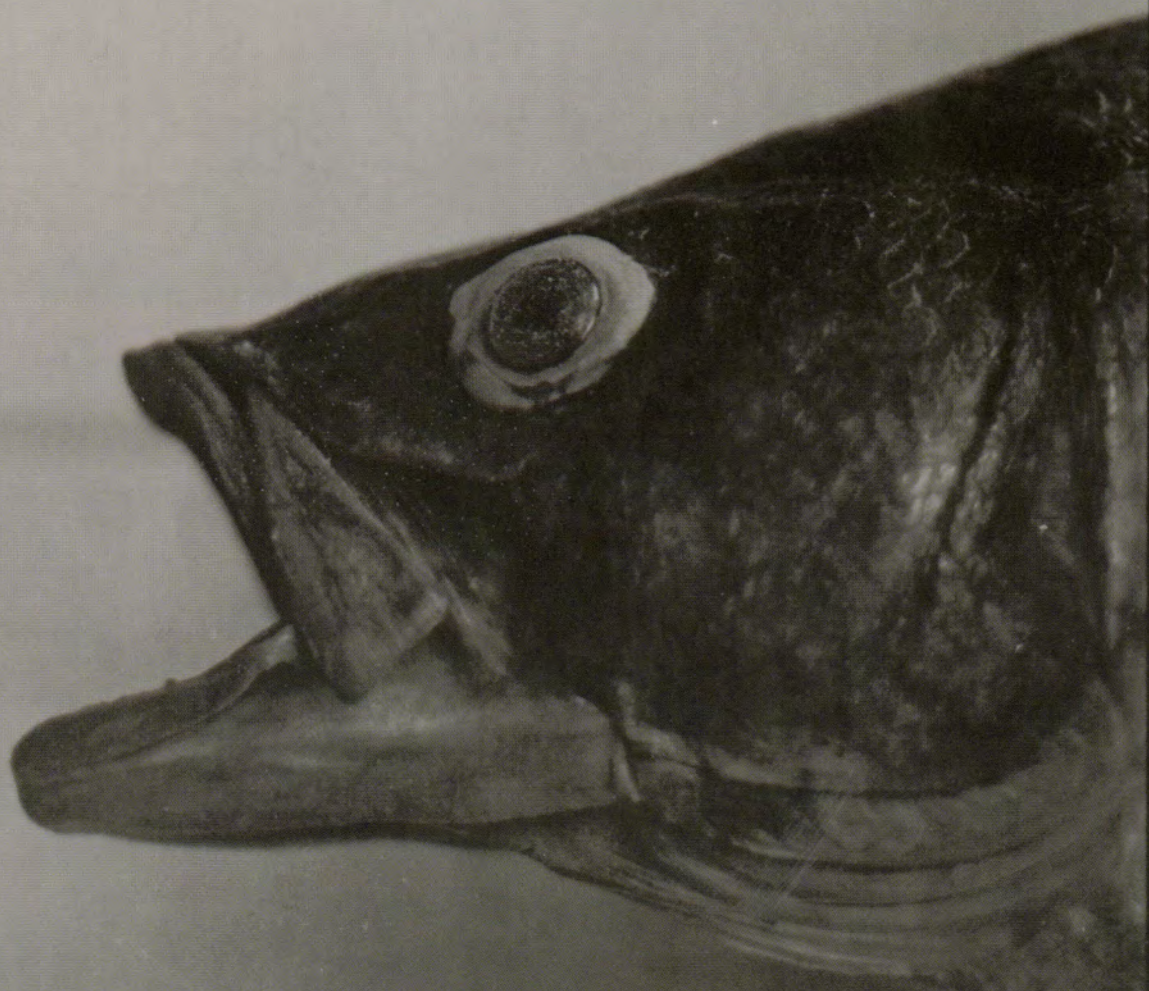
Popped 5 Zyprexa
Want to hear the rest of it?
Swallowed a few Seroquel
Now I'm feeling fat
Took three Trazadone
The insides of my legs start to itch
Ate the Ambien
Now my head hurts
The insides of my legs start to itch

The best thing ever
Would be to prove to myself
That I can get by
Without those side effects
More main course than anything on the side
You got any salt for that?

That I can get by
Without the parched cracked feeling
Of the tongue sticking to the roof
Of my dry mouth.
I call it drought mouth.
Dry doesn't have the feeling
And experience of drought.

That I can get by
By controlling myself in the middle
Of stormy euphoria
Or deep-sea depression
If I did that
It would be the greatest compliment
I'd ever give myself

That I said yes
To everyone who said no
That I stood up to my demons
And make them flee me in the dark
Kissing them goodbye with a killing fist
I won't miss them
I'll show no need for a
Rorschach exorcism



Staff Submissions

This year, we wanted to display the work of our talented staff without hurting the integrity of our magazine. In previous years, staff submissions were voted with the regular submissions and compiled the same way to be included in the magazine. After various complaints, an executive decision was made to delete staff submissions entirely from the Spring 2013 magazine.

We, as a staff, pouted.

We pouted excessively, possibly to an extreme point. We might be toddlers. But really, here's the thing... our staff is composed of writers and artists and people who bleed creativity (purple creativity to be exact). We live and breathe what we do, not only during magazine time, but every single second. We wanted a chance to express our work as individuals so we made our own special section where we have displayed the work of our brilliant staff members. This is a brand new experiment for us and we are hoping for the best for our staff, our contributors, and

our readers.

We hope you read and enjoy.



True Love

Rebecca Heisner

Why won't he show me
Affection when I come home
From a long, long day?

A spark of interest,
A simple loving caress,
Anything at all.

I do everything
I clean for him cook for him
Sometimes I bathe him.

What have I to show,
For all my adoration
What prize do I get?

A filthy hairball,
Covered in his saliva.
True love from a cat.

Red

Sarah Morris

A chapped blush flusters
the surface of her thighs,
quite like the seeping
nosebleed, furiously blotted
with the back of dirt-streaked
hoodie sleeves, or
the blisters on the palms of my
father's hands had he
been a hard-working man
rather than an alcoholic.

Ramshackle House • Felicia Knise





Comatose.
Life sustained by machines—
preserving donations.
Twenty-four hours remain.
Windshield smashed,
flipped in a ditch.
Skull fragmented, heart skids
like the tire marks trailing
to the charred metal casket.
Ten minutes earlier
six of us stumble behind.
Vision a blur, night cloaks us.
Pile in for the ride.
An hour ago
we tilted heads back
and let each shot
burn its way down
a path of fire.
Two hours before
we lay on wet grass
and counted stars,
clouding up clear skies
with cigarette smoke.

We Had No Intention of Dying Tonight

Sarah Morris

For a Friend

Meagan Riley

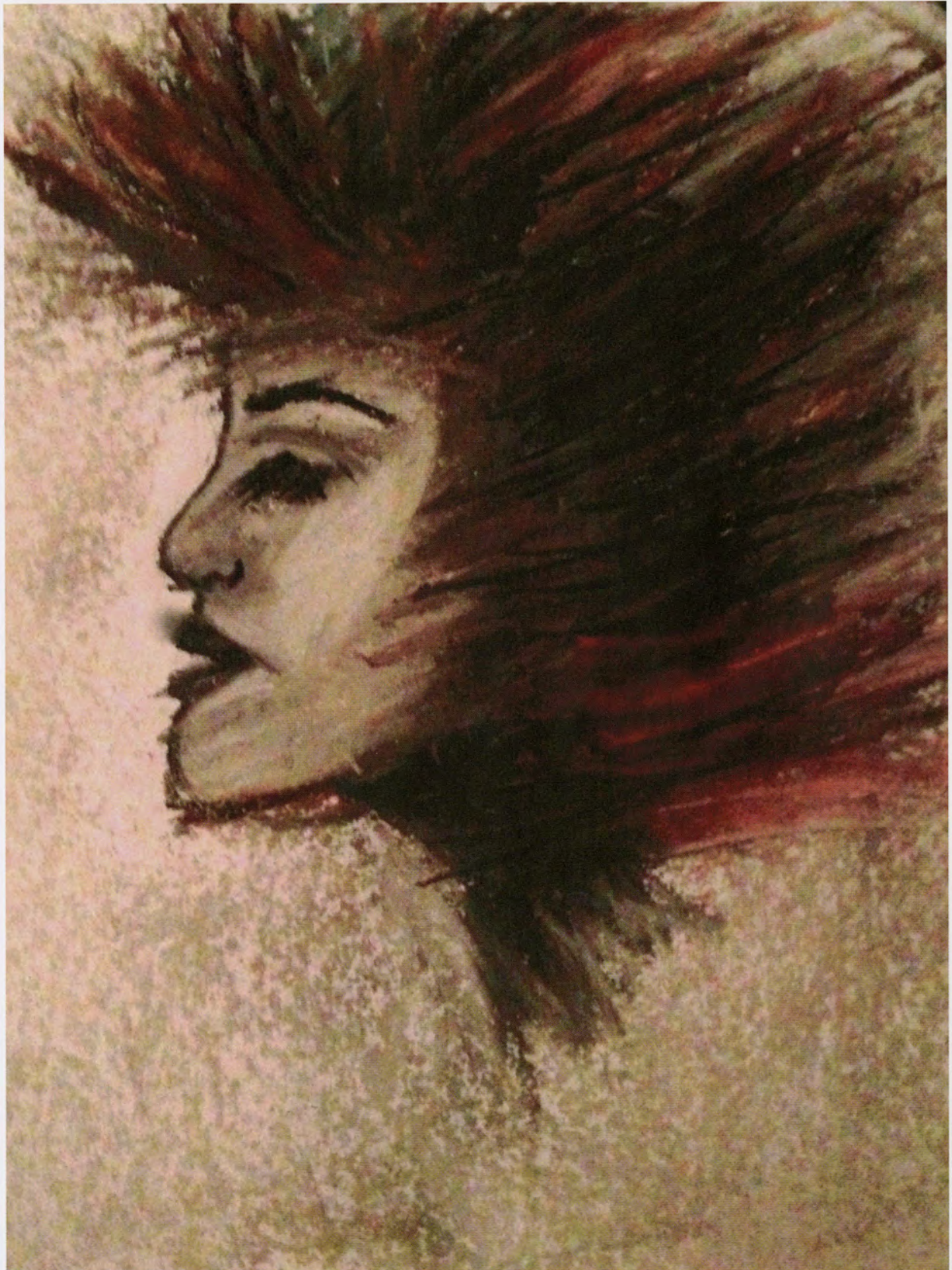
your heart is ablaze like a grease fire,
and even though you know better,
you run it under the tap,
and the slick flames run down your body
and they don't stop...
until he puts his hands on you
and smothers them out.
this is step one.

after this his hands are too heavy,
too hot;
they stick to your skin, held there by the burnt mottled clumps of grease,
the remains of what burned up your heart entirely...
not long ago.
your mind, untouched by the fervid flames, remembers only the pain.
you wonder if this is worth it at all.
it is not.
this is step two.

when he removes his hands, there are charred imprints left on your previously unmarked skin.
everyone can see them—you know everyone can see them.
you catch their eyes catching glimpses of the black hue of char on your arms,
on your neck,
on your legs.
it is so much worse than any burn you would have gotten if you had let the fire burn.
this is step three.

but you will move on,
and someone will find you and run his hands over
and over the charred and scarred remains of your heart and heal you,
and it will not feel like the wild hot rush of a grease fire when you look at him,
but rather the soothing kiss of water from the tap running over the burn.
his hands run cold and bring goosebumps to your flesh,
and his embrace is softer than anything you could have imagined.

you have done it. this is step four.



Chaos • Sarah Fowler

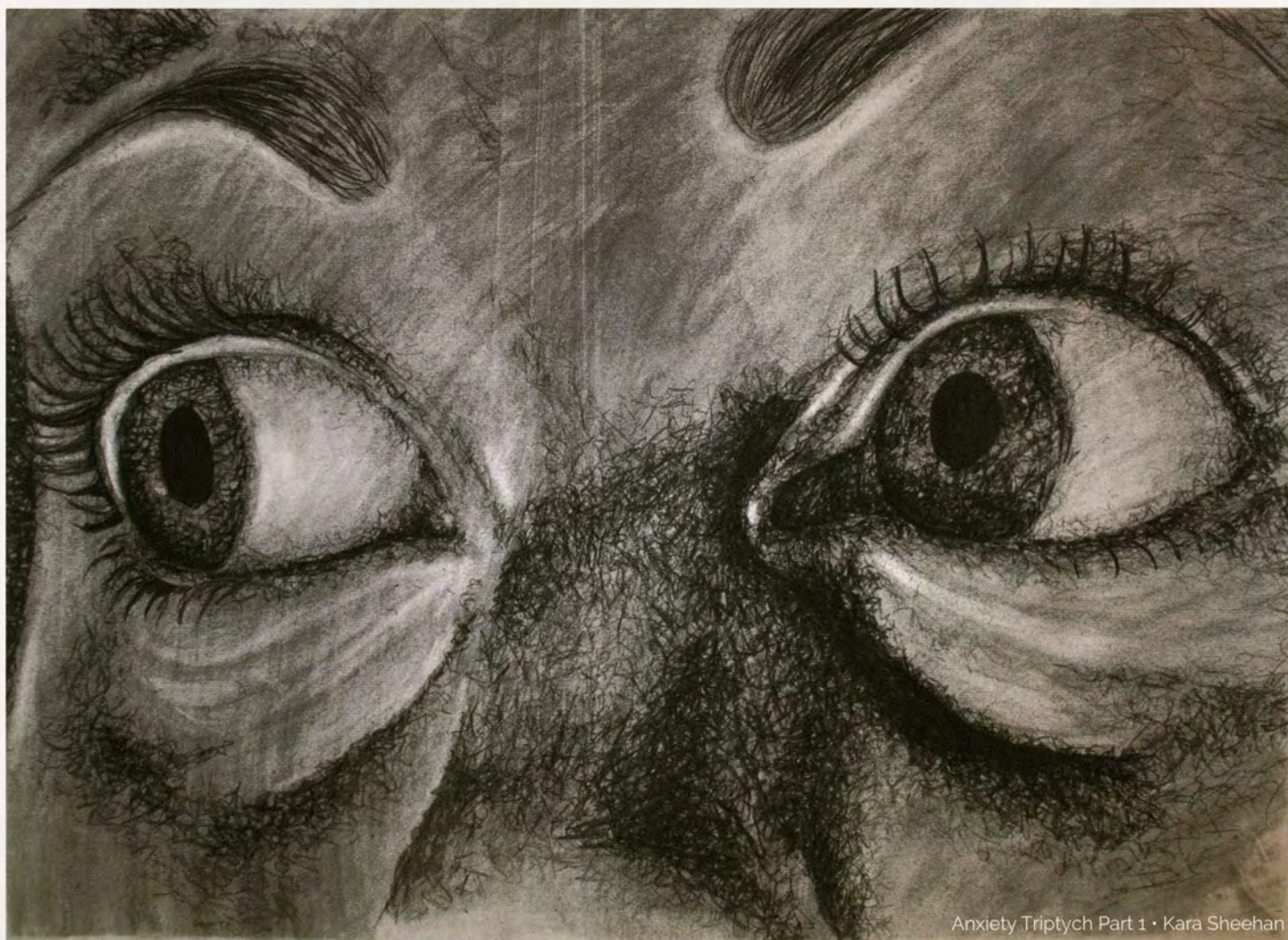
To the Yemeni Woman in Apartment 406

Alexandra Parker

How do you spend the hours
in your room with spider silks from Sana'a
among black abayas, woven Persian carpets
poring over letters from home

Of afternoons chained to the stove
sweating over boiled rice and bubbling pots of salta
ginger and cardamom waft into the hall
while your husband chews quat

I hear your child crying
cooing to her in honeyed tones you
offer her a swollen breast, a cracked nipple
hot milk like lifeblood



Anxiety Triptych Part 1 • Kara Sheehan



dot-to-dot

(i wish it was that easy) Jasmin Ullah

i swear to every god i don't believe in, "sometimes i just want to be an idiot savant artist" and never love anyone and never want anything but splinters of glass underneath my fingernails. want to believe that shit gets less complicated? that it was easier when you were a lil thing, all bruised knees and crooked candy-rotted grins? me too. i was never - i don't know, they follow you around like a sick kicked dog, those memories. the ones i have to remember not everyone has. what do you mean you never hid under the table, watching him in that indigo ain't-shit kitchen, the nights he'd come home late? you mean you never stayed there for hours for fear (and fascination) of broad callused hands? fascination, yeah. he wasn't so big. but you were - you are - real small.

and now when she asks you what're you thinking about, when she curves her whole self in your direction and waits, you don't know what the hell it means. i lay there and resist the urge to scrawl maps on the inside of my skull and tear red yarn with my teeth and pin it from third grade to licked hipbones to hearing how you gonna be tortured in hell and i can't, i can't say. thinking of? well, homework. and insignificance: how much goddamn space is in an atom. and how i probably can't touch anyone how they want to be touched, or talk perfect, or think or write or make anything anymore, how even when i could it was half-drowned and hysterical. i'm thinking of the metal in your body that i tongue too soft. and empty. and how the colors of your room feel under the surface of my skin (liverspot rotting elderly, rough, singsong). i'm listening. i never stopped.

next time i say nothing, know that i mean it with a mouthful of crimson string.



Cary Anne was born one day
March fifth to be exact,
her time on earth was exhausting
all her passion was extract.

Backseat of a car
was the place of conception,
but it was her entire world
that was filled with deception.

Born to monsters
disguised as humans,
no home she could call
and no god to find true in.

...

The third year on March fifth
Anne wanted a doll,
but knowing better than to ask
she instead got thrown against a wall.

A fateful mistake
her spilling some drink,
it was Monster One's Jameson
and she was thrown in a blink.

This was often routine
as Monster Two stared,
unresponsive with needles
she hardly ever cared.

And this was Cary Anne's life
for many more years,
she wished she could've known
as to give up on fears.

...

Age ten called great changes
to her body with Monster One,
he discovered it you see
and a few times a week he had fun.

Monster Two had moved up
to bigger and better things,
she now walked the street
to earn for the drugs and the king.

So Abner and white nurses
were all still around,
as were the bruises
Anne got without making a sound.

Grateful for freedom
she loved high school,
her delicious Camel Crushes
were always her best tool.

...

One day disaster struck-
Mr. Smith was in his office,
in he called Cary Anne
who knew to be cautious.

Because you see
that day being so hot,
a long sleeved shirt
Anne had sadly forgot.

Phone calls were made
and the Monsters entered,
looking peppy and bright
but inside quite tempered.

After countless Yuengling's
and shoot ups to spare,
Cary Anne knew what was next
and to move she didn't dare.

The sixteen years she spent
with Monsters One and Two,
gave her knowledge
to not fight back with this crew.

And so it happened
the smacks, flacks, wacks,
but control was something
that the Monsters lack.

...

This is what brings us
to the end of the story,
for Cary Anne died that night
in all of her glory.
It took over two weeks
for people to know,
but a pool full of blood
is all it took to show.

Thrown against the same wall
from when she was three,
the difference this time
is that she was free.

Monsters

Ciara Robinson



A Slow Burn • Samantha Leonetti

First Day of School

Shelby Wiltz

At the bus stop
on Douglas
everyone could see

Grapes
on the backs of her knees

And an apple of the side of her cheek
that glowed so red, Jessie and Jamie
Fickle told her
that in three months, they would be
allowed
to wear make-up
too

Flipped their fussy braids from left
shoulder to right
and discussed the benefits of powder
foundation

Airy enough to pull of a natural look

At lunch
picking orange rind out of my finger-
nails
I saw her

on the blacktop skipping double-dutch
Chocolate pudding cheeks
her feet did jumping jacks
moved quick
like they knew
the ground was only good for getting
tripped.

The way the sun dripped freckles on
her nose, I knew that August
was glueing her together
that if September turned her legs any
bluer,
they would splinter in the breeze

That when her skin fell away in the wind
her bones would be the shade of a
dying sun
that her kneecaps would be river val-
leys
that her shins would be a picket fence.

On Wednesday, Ms. Morrison asked,
if you could wish for anything, what
would it be?
Aaron said, one hundred dollars
Jacquie said, a little brother
I said, world peace

She said, I wish to be an Oak tree.

With roots that stretch from
Lawndale to Liberia
swollen arms in the dirt
fingers scraping earth and worms

I wish to have a trunk
with bark that is too tiresome
to peel

that breaks fingers
before it breaks itself

I wish to have branches
that give birth
to fat green leaves
and acorn seeds

At home
I wished she had a helmet

so when her legs broke and her face
cracked the concrete
she would at least remember her name.



Poured • Rachel McCroddan

Corner Office Syndrome

James Carbia

Jim leans over the railing of the balcony's glass barrier, watching the black suits bob across the checkered marble floor below. The bustling seems hushed from where he stands. The early evening begins to darken the glass doors downstairs.

After two hours of blank staring, the steady stream of people subsides. The building's lights begin shutting off, and down the hall a janitor drags a frayed grey mop across the black granite floor. Jim looks down at his silver Tag Heuer watch, a gift from his wife. It's nine-thirty. He rubs his forehead, dreading the long drive and his wife's questions. Another dark night, another empty road, and those same damn questions waiting for him. The balcony railing creaks as he pushes off and makes his way down the hall to the elevator.

...

"Where have you been?"

The door clicks shut as Jim turns to face his wife. She sits over the ruffled covers with her back against the headboard. She looks small on the spacious bed.

"I told you this morning that I had to stay late tonight." He begins undressing, placing his cufflinks and watch on the nightstand. He notices the red indentations from the watch on his wrist.

"Of course. You're always working late these days, aren't you? I'm sure they really need you there until eight or nine every night. You must be making some serious overtime money."

"Emma, please. It's been a really long day. I'm too tired to do this."

"Yeah, I'm sure you're very tired."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

She doesn't say anything. The covers stir as she turns over and faces the wall. He stands looking at her for a moment. She's so small in that big bed. He hesitates, then lies down several inches away from her and shuts his eyes.

"I know you're cheating on me."

He lies motionless on the bed. After a few seconds of silence, she turns to face him.

"Why do you do this to me? Why do you do this to me and to us and to your family? When was the last time you even sat down for dinner with your daughters?"

He turns to look at her, considering his words. Her eyes are red.

"I've been out of the country the last two weekends trying to settle things with our European branches. You know that. So don't give me that guilt-trip bullshit."

Her mouth trembles once as a small teardrop falls onto the thick pillow.

"I don't need you to sit here and tell me how terrible of a father I am. We both knew what we were getting into when I accepted this position. I'm a good father and a good husband and I'm doing my

best here to keep it all together for my family."

...

He rubs his forehead, dreading the long drive and his wife's questions. Another dark night, another empty road, and those same damn questions waiting for him.

•

Sarah answers.

"Hello?"

"Hey, it's me. What's your evening looking like tonight?"

"Hi Jim. It's looking very open."

"Glad to hear it. I really need to get away right now. And I could use a place to stay in this storm."

Her smooth laughter floats over the line. "I wouldn't mind some company myself. Why don't you come over tonight?"

"I'll bring the same wine as last time. See you at seven-thirty."

Phone calls with Sarah are always very short. People could overhear and it's not worth taking that chance. He closes his eyes as he thinks of the night ahead, imagining how she'll look. He hopes she'll be wearing her long blonde hair down, covering her small shoulders and extending over the rest of her. In fact, he hopes that's all she's wearing.

...

Five-thirty comes. He packs up his bag and walks back past the cubicles and office rooms into the hallway. As he waits for the elevator, he takes off his wedding ring, his tie, and his watch. The elevator arrives, and he steps in. He

decides that he still has some time before Sarah's expecting him, so he quickly presses the button for the third floor. He walks out and leans on the dull railing and watches those down below.

Jim's pocket begins to vibrate. He pulls his phone out and sees a text from Sarah: she can't wait to see him. He puts his phone back into his pocket and rubs his temples.

One of the women downstairs looks like his wife. Same small nose, same small lips, same auburn-brown hair. It could have been her; they looked so much alike. She chats with a lanky man in a brown suit, and something he says makes her smile. Jim thinks back to last year, a few months after his second daughter was born. They were all in the car; one kid to going to school, one kid going to daycare. He was late. His head was throbbing as he rushed to drop them off in time to catch his flight. As he swerved through the traffic, his wife put her hand on his leg. He glanced over at her and she just smiled. A calm, sweet smile.

The woman stands off to the side, away from the doors. After chatting for a few seconds, she waves to the man and they part. The man heads towards the elevator, and the woman walks through the door into the heavy rain.

Jim thinks about his wife and Sarah and his daughters and the drive back in the rain. He thinks about his wife at home, waiting on the bed, wondering what he is doing. He thinks about lying, and laying, and the pleasure-filled night he could have instead of lonely sleep. He thinks about what he wants to do and what he should do. He stands there thinking, looking out at nothing.

The phone buzzes again. He reads the message, another from Sarah. He tells her he'll be there soon.

He stands for a few more seconds, weight against the railing, looking down. Suddenly, the woman reenters the building. Or could it be Emma? She checks up on him at work sometimes. Her rain jacket's dripping hood obscures her face. He leans forward to get a closer look. The railing creaks loudly and gives way, shattering the glass as it falls. Thrown off balance, he stumbles forward, tripping over the protruding glass remaining from the barrier. He tumbles over the edge, but manages to catch the side of the balcony. Hanging on with one hand, he turns to look for his wife. The woman is gone. As he twists back around to pull himself up, he notices his missing wedding ring. He pauses, staring at his bare hand.

...

"I just can't believe it. The building management said it was put in less than two years ago."

Two EMTs stand a few feet away from the body. A crowd of onlookers press up against the yellow tape surrounding them.

"You know how those people are. They probably gotta half-dozen violations on this floor alone."

Three paramedics stand around the body as the coroner walks up. He bends over, lifting the sheet to look closer at the crushed skull.

"Why don't they just bag him up and take him out?" asks the first EMT, a young-

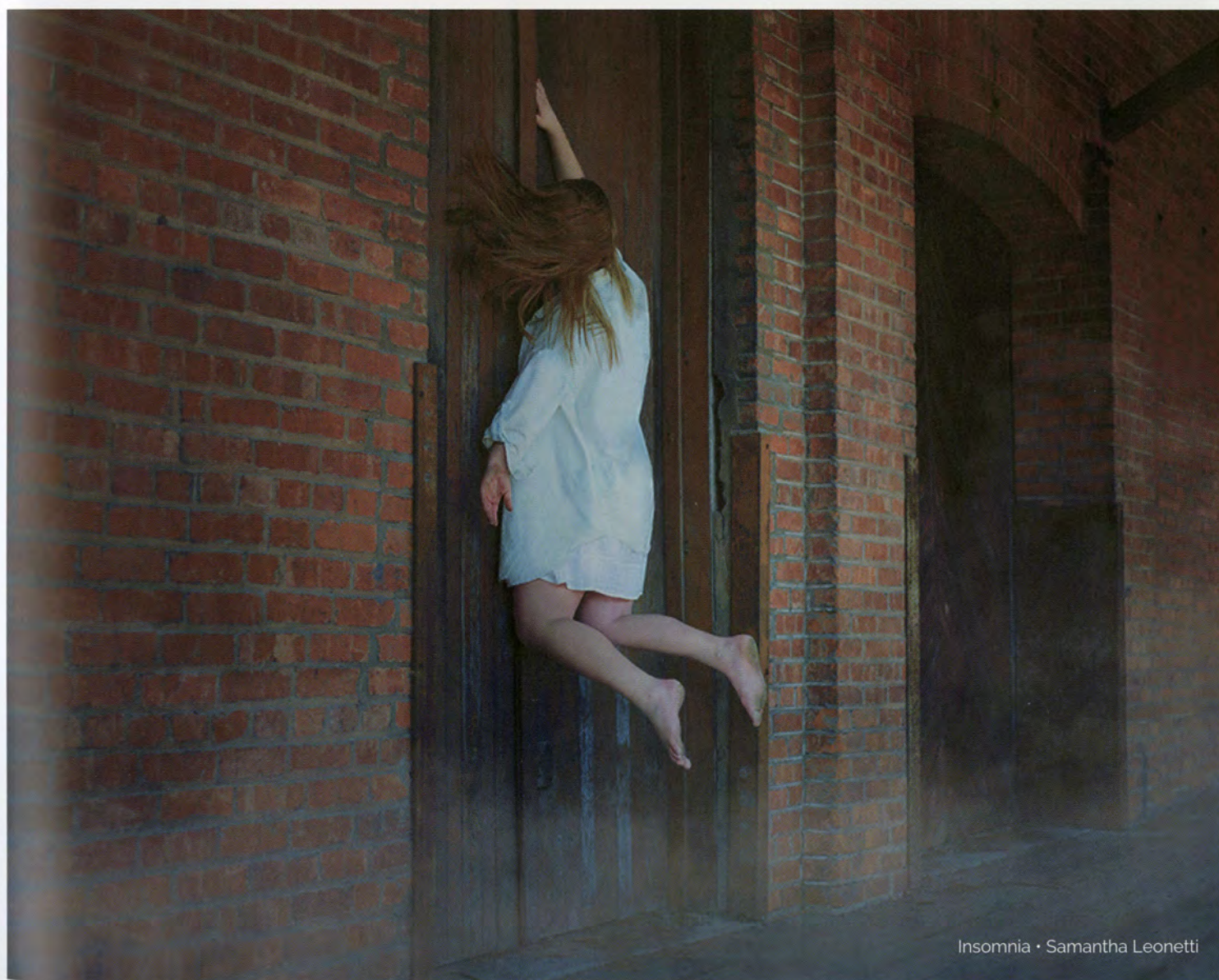
er volunteer.

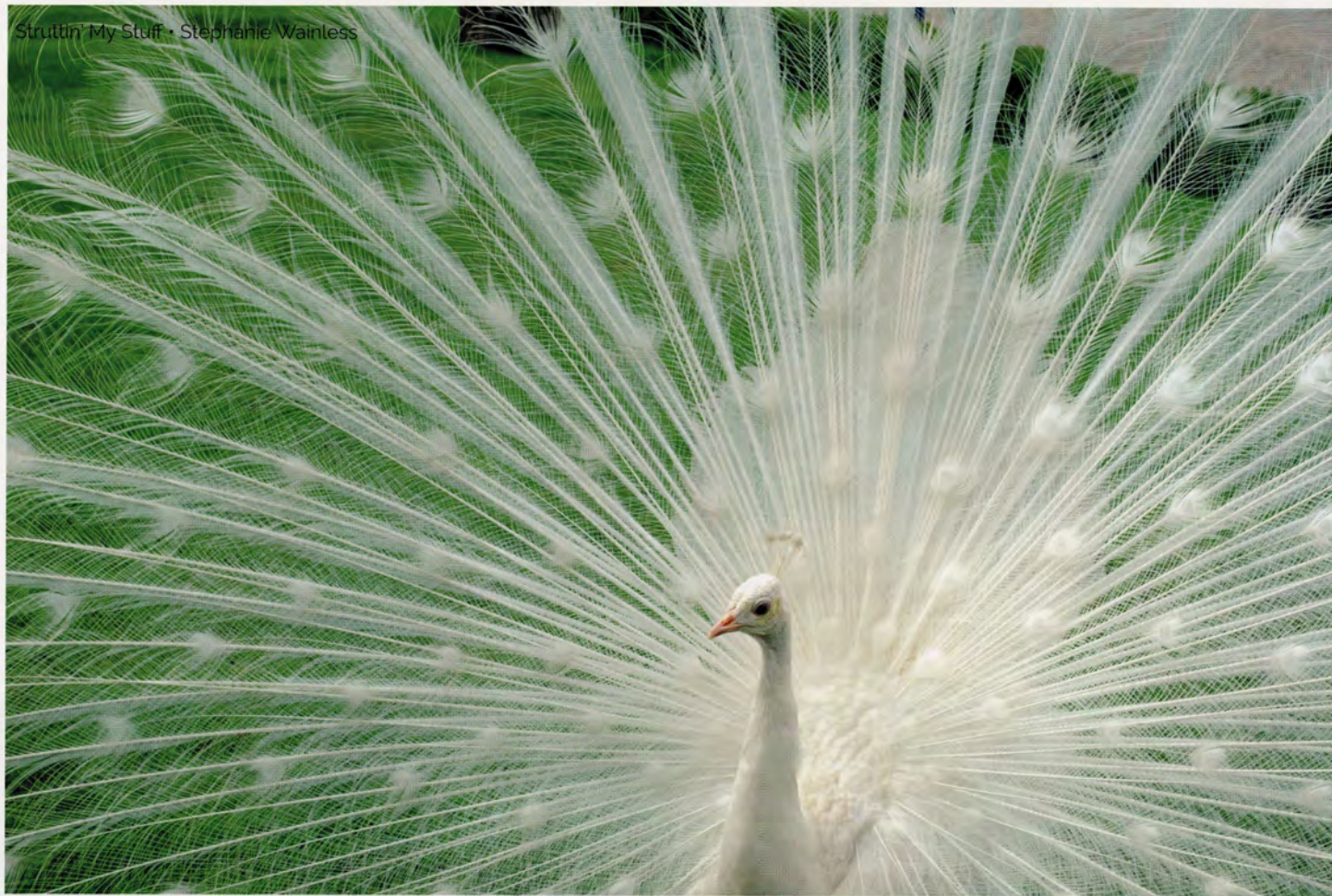
"See the coroner there? He's gotta determine cause of death," says the other.

"It seems pretty clear to me. The railing broke and he fell."

"That's the thing though. Normally in a fall, a person will extend their arms and legs to brace for impact. This guy had no bruises on his arms or broken fingers or anything."

The workers from the coroner's office begin zipping the body into a black bag. One of the paramedics carries a small plastic container out to the truck. Inside, a blood-speckled phone vibrates against a broken silver watch.





we all drink
for our own
reasons

coffee wakes
hangover mind
with aroma and
bitterness, but
later lie
caffeine anxious.

alcohol stings
as it drowns
the jitters.

but when cold pints
outweigh warm mugs
I sleep just fine.

The College Student's Mid-Semester Dilemma

Ryan Thomas

I once had a book
That was a year overdue
They began charging interest
And compounded it, too

Until one day a novice librarian said
There was a big number inside of his head

He said it was by name,
And I said "What?"
He said it was a fine,
And I said "But--"

So I cleverly got the title,
And just escaped with my loot
And went home and burned the book
Until it was just soot

Then I called and said,
To the man with the number inside his head,
That I'd lost the book,
"And I'll never find it no matter where I look."

Surely there was great grief,
Among his brethren on the shelf,
And as I wallowed in relief,
I felt bad about myself

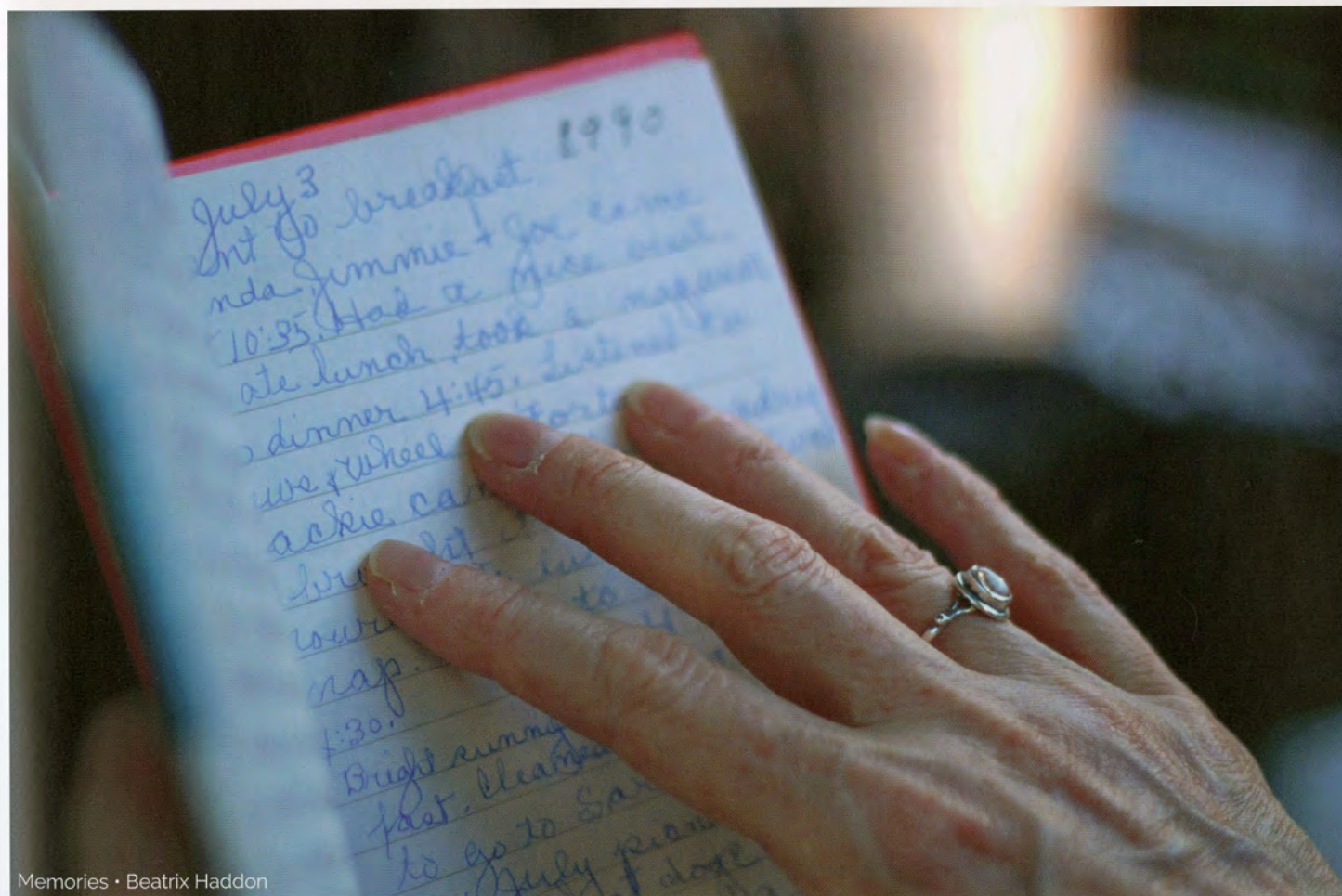
So I went out and bought a new copy
Hardcover with a glossy shine,
First edition, signed by the author,
(Which was cheaper than paying the fine)

And I crept in disguise into the library itself,
And put it in its place, at its home, on the shelf

And I left feeling much better and lighter,
As if I as a citizen were a pillar
Because no library should be without a copy,
Of *The Very Hungry Caterpillar*

Overdo

Alex Pickens





"It looks like a shoebox,"
Mom said,
but to me it looked
massive and mountainous and,
as I climbed inside in my tiny ballet slippers,
I knew we were adventure bound
even though I couldn't remember
what mountains looked like at all.

"What's four-wheel drive, anyway?"
From what I had counted,
I was pretty sure our last car
had four wheels on it too.
But this stood dark and sturdy above Florida's flat figure
and I could tell that it was built
for where we were going,
not for where we were.

"Is that how you spell Alaska?"
I asked, and was asked,
glancing up at all the other license plates,
blessing Mrs. Robinson from behind my barbeque-stained seat belt,
fingering the beaded butterfly around my neck,
and touching the charm to my lips
with sticky kettle corn hands
fresh from the Farmer's Market.

"Come straight home after school,"
they would spout as I slammed the door
and the snow would swallow the sound.
But I pondered the trees with me feet, like winding stairs,
slow, with the careful exploration
of discovering a secret
you are grateful to hold.

"Wave goodbye,"
she told us as we rolled away,
and it sped off into the midnight sun
like my infant body flying down the Autobahn again.
Only just in this moment have I realized
that the tiny hatchback
that took me back up into the mountains
is black too.

Hot Wheels

Dominique Marmolejo

Colophon

Advisor

Laurie Kutchins

Editors

Editor-In-Chief

Jaimie Swann

Business Manager

Lucas Falzetti

Managing Editor

Erica Dodson

Chief Designer

Taylor Golding

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Assistant Designer

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Sarah Morris

Maddie Divita

Erin DeGutis

Amanda Byer

Channing Parker

Jackie Jessop

Sarah Fowler

Malcolm Lenore

Felicia Knise

Kaci Schwarz

Special Thanks

JMU College of Arts and Letters

JMU Media Board

Mary Murphy and McClung Companies

Rose Gray & Susan Facknitz

Jade Foster

Judging and Designing Processes

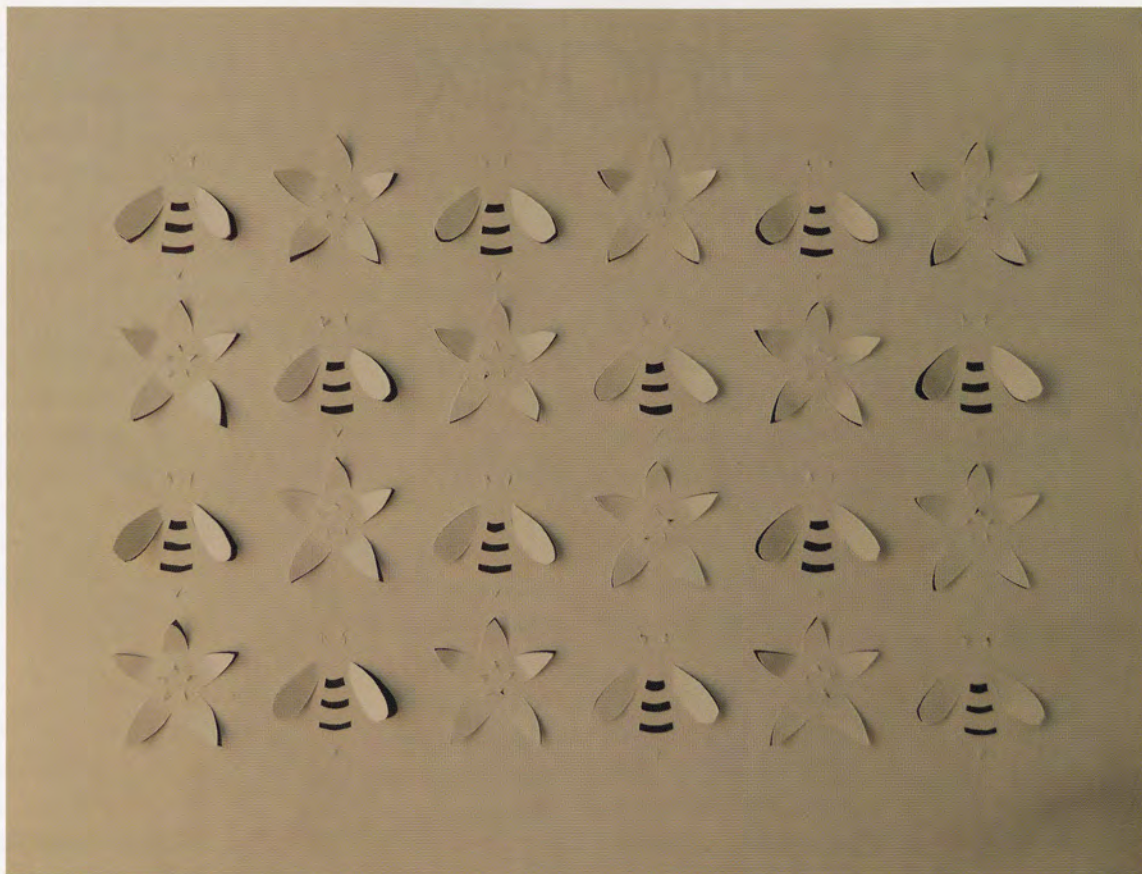
To ensure fairness, staff and general submissions were judged separately. Staff submissions were accepted until midnight on October 7th with a limit of five entries per member. The writing entries were compiled on a GoogleDoc, while the art submissions were compiled in a Flickr gallery. In both cases, the works were compiled without bylines by the Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor. Submissions were judged anonymously by at 7pm on October 17th in the Annex. Of 23 writing and art submissions, seven were tentatively chosen. This list was finalized after general submissions were judged.

General submissions were accepted until midnight on October 14th at the limit of five entries per student. As with staff submissions, the Editor-in-Chief and the Managing Editor compiled the submissions on a GoogleDoc and a Flickr gallery omitting bylines. The Art Committee, led by the Art Committee Head, met at 7pm on October 23rd in Carrier Library and chose 37 of the 107 art submissions. The Writing Committee, led by the Writing Committee Head, met at 7pm the Annex on October 20th. 30 writing submissions were chosen out of a total of 148 entries. Judging was completed through voting with the Editor-in-Chief and Managing Editor excluded from all selection processes.

Design began the week of October 28th and continued through the week of November 11th. During these weeks, the magazine was planned, designed, and edited. Book layout was orchestrated by the Editor-in-Chief and Chief Designer. Artist Statements were requested by the Editor-In-Chief and Chief Designer based on popularity and space allowances.

For the sake of artistic integrity, all submissions were published as closely to original condition as possible. Prose was edited for grammar, while poetry was left largely unedited. Stylistic attributes, such as spacing and alignments, were determined by the magazine style guide unless otherwise expressed by the writer. Art was subject to cropping if necessary. However, most pieces remained uncropped.

The staff appreciates your submissions and hopes all work was presented in a clear and pleasing way.



Production Details

The cover was printed on Mohawk Loop, Pure White Linen Paper and the content was printed using Flo Dull Text paper. All content was printed using CMYK color and were designed using Adobe InDesign CS6 and Adobe Photoshop CS6 on Mac Desktop Computers in the Hillside and Moody Hall computer labs at James Madison University. All images were submitted as JPEGs in various resolutions. McClung Companies in Waynesboro, VA printed 1,000 all-color copies, which the staff distributed to the JMU community free of charge in December 2013.

The style guide includes the following fonts: Caviar Dreams, regular and bold, in sizes 45pt -- 90pt was used for titles; Raleway, extra light, regular, and bold were used for body copy and bylines in sizes 9pt -- 14pt. The style guide utilized 'dots' as accents in various places, such as artist bylines and page numbers, in order to echo the round features in the newly designed Gardy Loo logo.

The cover, featuring Lauren Watson's Spring, was edited to fit 8.5x11in using Adobe Photoshop CS6. The original is featured at the top of this page.

Want Your Work in the Next Gardy Loo?

Please send all submissions to jmugardyloo@gmail.com. Include your preferred print name and attach all works with respective clearly specified titles. Although we accept untitled submissions, we strongly suggest titling your work for clarity. Submissions are limited to five per person and may consist of writing and art. If you are interested in becoming a staff member, simply attend a meeting or e-mail us for more information.

Soon to Come

www.jmugardyloo.org will be available for browsing in the Spring Semester 2014

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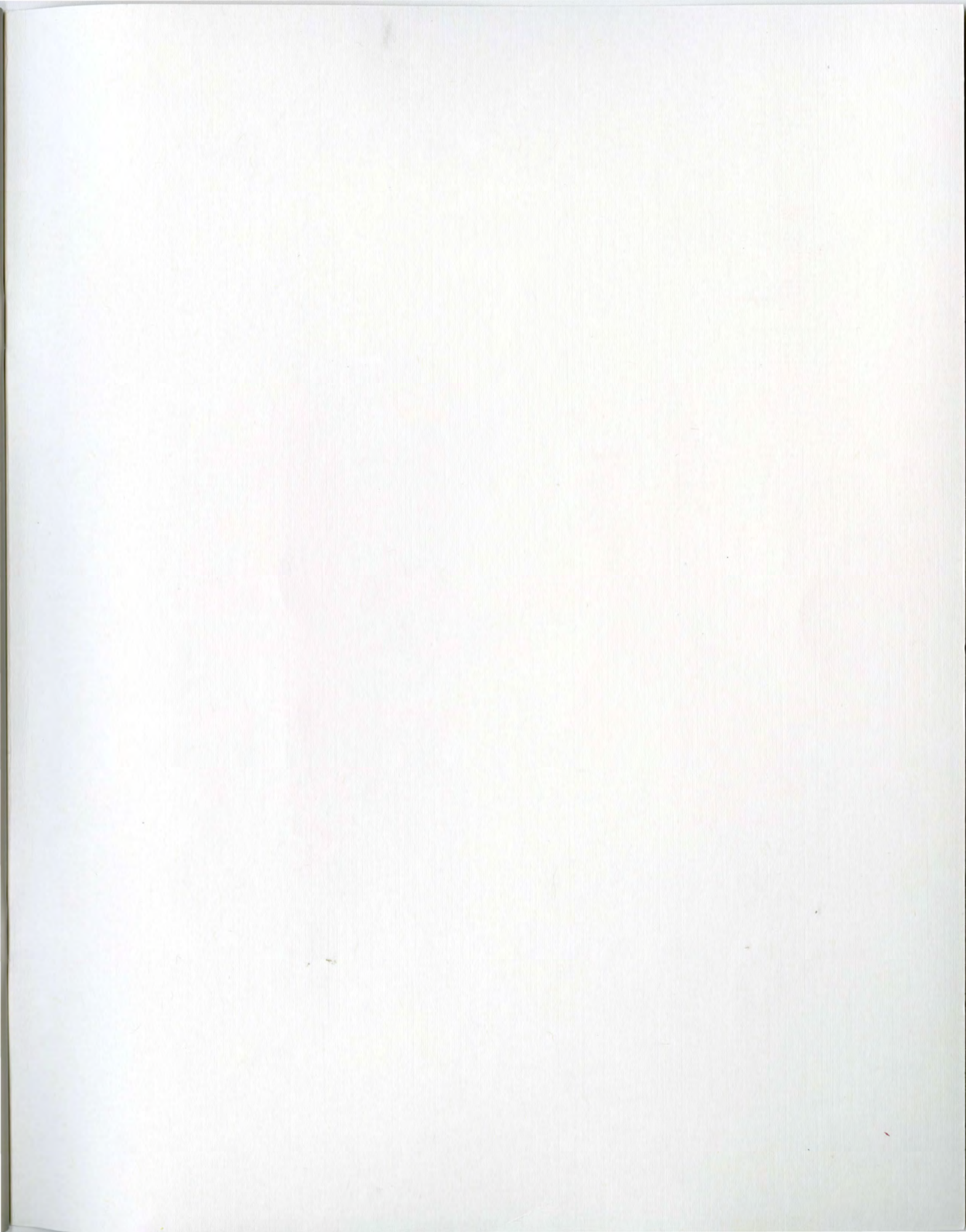
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So Long

and don't forget to write.

So Long

and don't forget to write



The Annex
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jmugardyloo@gmail.com
Fall 2013

